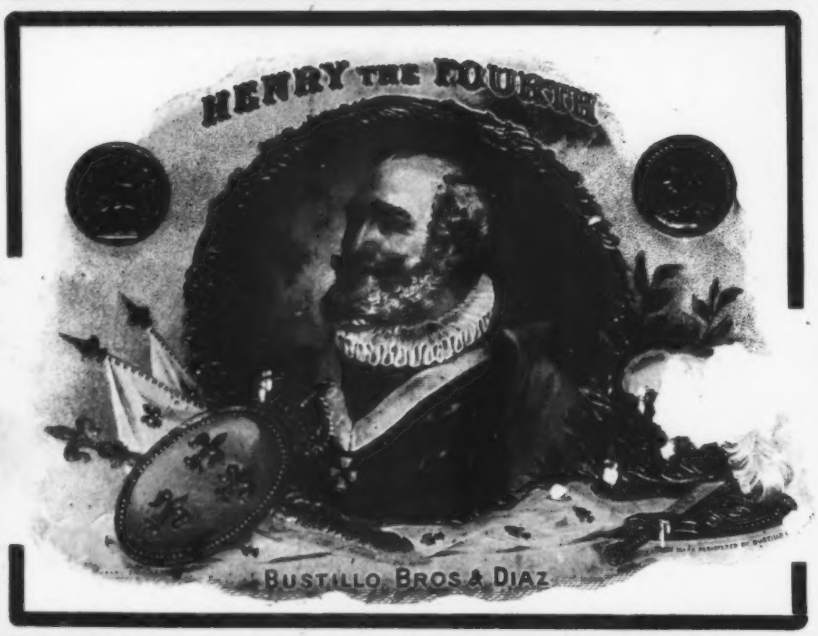
Judge

HOTEL AND CLUB NUMBER

YOUR JUDGE SIR

An Indisputable Leader



Bustillo Bros. & Diaz
Manufacturers of Clear Havana Cigars
Office 58 WARREN STREET
NEW YORK
Factories: Tampa, Fla. Havana, Cuba

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the well-meaning friend.

"I don't dare to," answered Willie Wishington. "People would think my father had disinherited me, and it would ruin my credit."—*Washington Star.*

"I've been told that the soil is very fruitful in South Africa."

"That may be, but there's one thing it seems pretty hard to raise on it."

"What's that?"

"The British flag."—*Philadelphia Press.*

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

FOR PUBLIC SAFETY

WHAT PRES. REEDY SAYS:

"The Master Barbers' Association of the State of New York was organized with the specific object in view of promoting the interests of the Barbers in this State, and for the PROTECTION, SAFETY and WELFARE of the public in general. We certainly cannot do the above, unless we use in our business the BEST material and supplies obtainable, among which I certainly class Williams' Shaving Soap. After an experience in this business covering a period of twenty-two years, I can honestly say, that Williams' is the best shaving soap. To all barbers, who believe in the PROTECTION and SAFETY of the public in general, I would say, use none but Williams' Shaving Soap."

GEO. E. REEDY,
President Master Barbers' Association, State of New York.

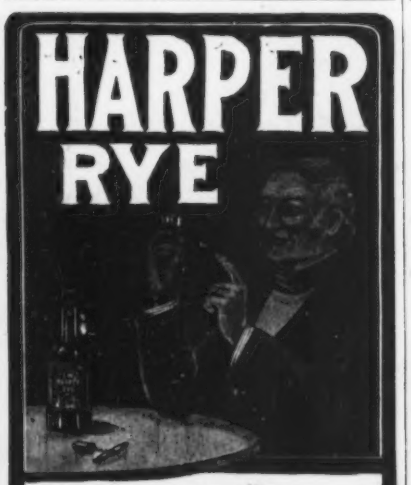
Moral:

Barbers who consider the safety and welfare of their patrons, use Williams' Shaving Soap.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS' CO., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

LONDON PARIS DRESDEN SYDNEY

HARPER RYE



Crystal Drops From Crystal Grain

PURE AND DELIGHTFUL.

If local dealers cannot supply it, address the distillers,

BERNHEIM BROTHERS, Louisville, Ky.

"When a man says he has his opinion of another man," says the Manayunk philosopher, "you can put it down as a mighty poor opinion."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Virgin Oil, imported from **Mexico**, amber color, **natural oil**, restores **gray hair to its original color**, no dye—entirely destroys **dandruff**. Nature's own **restorative**—price $5—**pay if cured, not otherwise.** We trust **you.** Address the **Virgin Oil Co.**, Los Angeles, Calif.

AT THE OPERA.

EDITH—"What perfect glasses these are, dear! Where did you get them?"

MAUD—"Yes, they are exceptionally good. They are FLAMMARION OPERA-GLASSES. I got them at MEYROWITZ'S, in New York City."

The thorn 's on the tree,
The skunk 's in its lair;
The mosquito and flea
Are inert somewhere;
The rattlesnake lies
Unconscious and coiled
In a heap, with eyes
Tight-closed; the flies
Nor buzz nor caper
On the sticky paper,
All 's right with the world.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

RED TOP RYE

TRY A RED TOP HIGH BALL

On Sale Wherever Fine Whiskies are Appreciated.

YOU ARE SAFE when you ask for RED TOP RYE. It's ten years old, and as pure as refined gold.

Ferdinand Westheimer & Sons, Distillers.
St. Joseph, Mo. Cincinnati, O. Louisville, Ky.

The Fontainebleau. A Verdure Tapestry effect in low-priced Pittsburg Wall Papers. A surprisingly correct reproduction of the expensive fabric for libraries, dining-rooms and dens. At leading dealers'.

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Judge

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"IS IT FEAR OR LOVE WHICH PROMPTS THIS RIVALRY?"

"When has the emperor given a more convincing proof of his political genius? Look for a moment at his grave international difficulties! The triple alliance has lost its cohesion and is threatened with dissolution. A serious internal commercial crisis compels, among other things, a revision of tariff, which is bound to offend all nations trading with Germany. Neighboring countries, under the instigation of Russia, are planning reprisals which would amount to a boycott. The whole German people are indulging in expressions of hatred of England, which constitute the most dangerous international feud that Europe has known since the eve of the Franco-German war. The isolation of Germany seemed about to become as complete as the isolation of Great Britain. In the case of Germany the isolation would amount to a far greater peril."—*London cablegram to New York Sun.*

Judge

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IN THE gleam of the club's pagoda,
Where the club-sandwich blooms the plate on,
You can ne'er with the gay club-soda,
Get the thing called the gay club skate on.

* * *

EVERY SEASON and every climate has its hotel. Any place that is without a hotel is really not worthy of being seriously considered as anything other than a howling wilderness. And there are all sorts and conditions of hotels, from the marble edifice that covers a city block to the ramshackle structure in the woods, around whose weather-beaten envelope the night-winds moan their dreariest melodies. There is the rose-embowered hotel of California and the snow-clad hostelry of the Adirondacks—one ocean-cooled and the other steam-heated—for the benefit of each and every malady that human flesh is heir to, from golf-wrist to color-blindness. One hotel advertises sea-bathing as one of its leading attractions, and another sets forth the beauties of snow shoeing and tobogganing. The poetic fire and soul-thrilling eloquence bristling in these announcements make the phraseology of the circus advertisement pale into insignificance, while they fill the bosom of the student of Thoreau and Emerson with a chaste, ineffable joy. For they set forth the artistic splendor of the Florida series of hotels, whose Spanish architecture makes them seem to the romantic dreamer like veritable castles in Spain, murally decorated with Spanish omelets. And they throw a well-defined glamour of mediæval romance around the rickety wayback hotel that rocks its guests to sleep as it sways to and fro in the wind that discourses æolian melodies in the pines, that at the same time heal weak throats and shed ready-made chewing-gum from their mighty trunks.

THREE SQUARE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.

* * *

MANY A MAN'S FAMILY gains its greatest and most permanent prestige through his newspaper obituary notice, which, after proving what he was not by stating what he was, closes with the scrap of information that he was a member of the

Lotos, Salmagundi,
Union, Moneygrubs,
Aldine, Players, Lambs, and
Orange Country clubs.

* * *

THERE is one great hotel resort that should be popular with all sorts and conditions of sick men. And that is the place that proudly calls itself in one grand outburst the Florida of the north, the Adirondacks of the south, the Colorado of the east, and the Italy of the west. That this place is in New Jersey goes, of course, without saying.

THE small hotel that holds the fort,
To heal all ills tubercular,
Is simply called a health-resort
In booklet and in circular.

The big Italian-marble pile,
With brass band and aquarium,
And dukes and golf and lots of style,
Is called a sanitarium.

* * *

IT IS BELIEVED by many long-headed philosophers that the day is not far distant when the world will have a servant-girl club. The servant-girl is a high functionary who delights in trampling on her oppressors more than they delight in trampling on her. And she will have a club at which she can decide upon the direst expedients for her ultimate deliverance and be in a position to arrive at a clearer idea of what constitutes her rights; and it may open her professional eyes, lift her into a higher sphere of usefulness, add materially to her happiness and income, and cause her to realize that her iron bed is softer and her cold garret atelier warmer. She is a highly sensitive organization, and has nerves that are affected by the rattling of shutters and the meteorologic changes peculiar to a composite climate like ours. The gentle excitement of club luncheons and Lenten lectures would make her more contented with her lot and cause her to scrub with a greater swiftness, and to handle the can-opener with the subtle phrasing and touch of the manicure artist. Then would she have a place to spend her evenings in the perusal of the latest periodicals and novels for the improvement of her mind. But her highest and finest gilt-edged delight would be known on the club's annual policeman's day.

* * *

THE HOTEL that is builded upon the sea-sand seems to prevail against the elements as well as does the hotel that is builded upon a mountain-rock. And although they are firmly anchored, yet are they not more enduring on their stationary sites than are the hotels on wheels that glide along the rails so fast that their very petrelesque swiftness materially assists nature in the assimilation of the leathern pancake and the taurine steak.

* * *

THE REASON that whist is not played for shekels of gold and silver in the woman's club is that in this game not even money is allowed to talk.

* * *

THE VESTIBULE of the great palatial hotel is in a certain sense a Parthenon, for at this spot may often be seen the country's greatest statesmen, diplomats and other celebrities sunning themselves in the public gaze like so many alligators on the banks of a Florida river. It is believed by many thinkers that these statesmen go to such hotels for the purpose of being focused in the public eye as a matter of business, inasmuch as these city hotels do not have golf-links, and are not conducted as are the Florida houses, purely in the interests of this ancient Scottish game.

* * *

A MAN must be an author before he can join the Authors' club, for the reason that he cannot become an author by joining it.

* * *

THOUGH the ice-yacht 's madly scooting
And King Sausage taps our mirth;
Though the surly north wind 's tooting
On its horn for all it's worth;

Though the leaden pipes are freezing
And our cheeks more ruddy glow;
Though mankind is wildly wheezing
And a-sneezing, don't you know—

See the summer girl on duty,
Casting the bewitching spell
Of her sweet, elusive beauty
O'er the Florida hotel.

isolation would amount to a far greater peril."—*London cablegram to New York Sun.*

AT THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

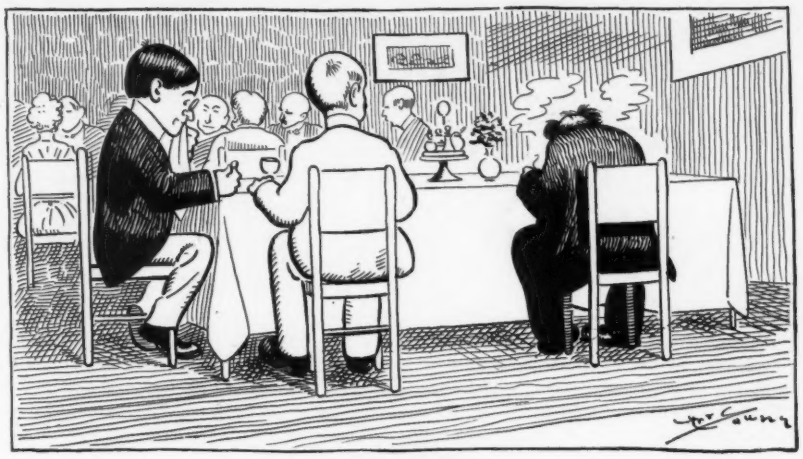
"She boasts that she is thoroughly up to date."

"She isn't. She is eight years behind in the matter of birthdays."

ON THE LINKS.

The reformer—"How foolish it is to drink to drown sorrow. Drink only brings more sorrow."

The unreformed—"What's the odds, as long as there's more drink?"



SIZING HIM UP.
"The new guest over there must be a harp-player."
"Why?"
"He's so successful picking strings out of the hash."

AT LARCHMONT.

Amy—"How did Ada like the yachting trip?"

Blanche—"She was quite ill but she bore up wonderfully. She knows what everybody wore."

NOT A NECESSITY.

Landlord—"The rent of this suite of rooms is fifty dollars a week including water."

Colonel Kentuck—"How much without the water?"

A BAD BREAK.

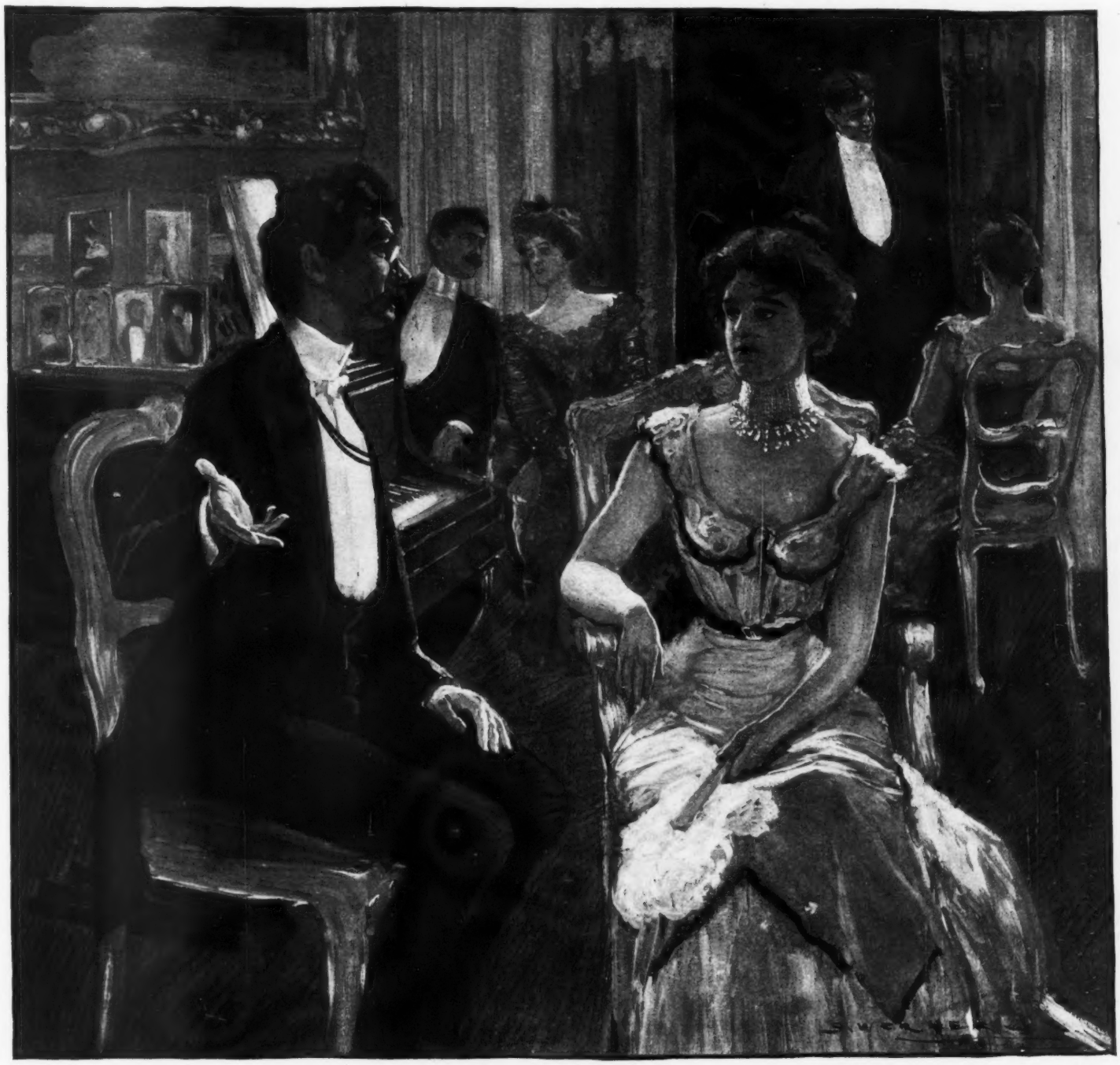
Doctor—"I can tell by just looking at you that you need to take more exercise. You lead a sedentary life. What is your occupation?"

Patient—"For ten hours a day I give a window exhibition of one of those home-exercising machines."

AT THE MINISTERS' CLUB.

Mrs. Dorcas—"It's a shame the daily papers don't devote more space to religious matters."

Dorcas—"That's so. In order to get his name in the papers these days a minister is obliged to recommend patent medicines."



LADIES' NIGHT AT THE LOTOS CLUB.
ETHEL—"Isn't he a grasping sort of chap?"
HAROLD—"Fierce! Why, he belongs to seventeen secret societies and knows forty-eight grasps."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN.

When o'er the stage you lightly wing,
As any zephyr in the spring,
In dreams we see,
Aglow with glee,
Joy's roses climbing Fancy's string.

All care aside you make us fling;
From sorrow you extract the sting,
Till all our brains
With fairy strains
Are rippling ding-aling-aling.

You make the air with music ring,
You captive hold the clown and king,
And all agree
That you are the
Quintessence of the real thing.

NEVERMORE.

"DO THE birds come and pick up the bread-crumbs from your hotel lawn?"

"They used to before my wife began to make her own bread."

A COUNTRY CLUB EPISODE.

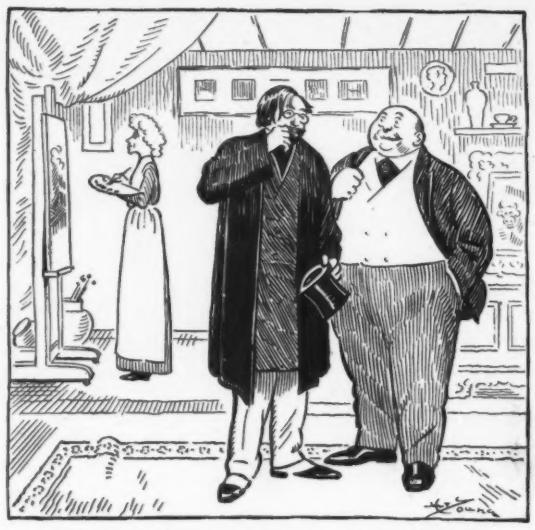
Ted—"How about that girl you were teaching to skate? Was she quick to learn?"

Ned—"Very. We became engaged inside of a week."

ONE OF THEIR TRIALS.

Customer—"I suppose you photographers have your own troubles."

Photographer—"Indeed, we do. Why, some of our customers act as if we were responsible for their looks."



ONE OF THOSE DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENTS.

PROUD ST. LOUIS HOTEL-KEEPER—"What do you think of my daughter's work?"

ARTIST—"Well, I think she ought to keep on studying."

"THE BEST PHILADELPHIA BUTTER."

IN THE WEST.

"THAT cyclone took away three hotels of mine."

"That's too bad."

"Yes; but it might have been worse. The guests had just paid their board."

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

Crawford—"I didn't know he was sick when he went to Florida."

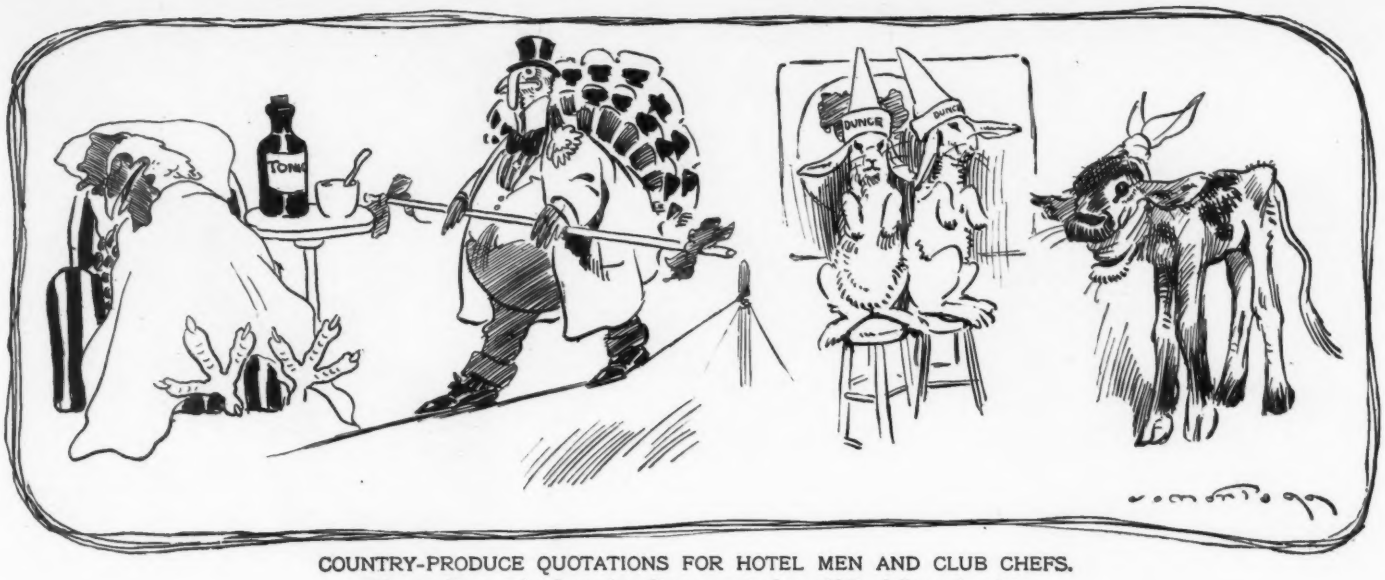
Crabshaw—"Neither was he. He got sick down there trying to make his orange-grove pay."

A PUBLIC DISGRACE.

MR. JONES—"This war is terrible. It must be stopped. It is a disgrace to humanity. Every good public citizen should rise up and demand that"——

MRS. JONES—"That what, John?"

MR. JONES—"That either Freedman should get out, or Spalding."



COUNTRY-PRODUCE QUOTATIONS FOR HOTEL MEN AND CLUB CHEFS.
Live poultry, weak; dressed poultry, very steady; rabbits, dull; veal, quiet.

HOW JOHN MANAGED.

IT WAS two o'clock. John Jones and his wife were seated in the café of a hotel in a German city. They were hungry, having eaten nothing since breakfast time.

"We will have mushrooms for one thing," said John, who had been suddenly seized with a violent craving for this juicy fungus.

"But, my dear, they're not on the bill-of-fare, and you'll never be able to make the waiter understand," responded Mrs. John uneasily.

"Oh, I'll manage," replied her husband confidently.

The waiter presently arrived and nodded a smiling assent to each item that John indicated on the bill-of-fare.

"And," concluded John, speaking in his native tongue, "I want some mushrooms. Have you got them?"

The waiter stared.

"I said mushrooms," repeated John slowly, and raising his voice.

The waiter looked distraught and shook his head.

"Oh, well," pulling a bit of paper and a pencil from his pocket, "if you don't know what 'mushrooms' means, look here; and he traced upon the paper what he believed to be a "counterfeit presentment" of a well-developed, succulent mushroom.

"Ach, ya, ya!" cried the waiter, nodding vigorously, and hastened away.

"You see, my dear, I'm a man of resources," John remarked triumphantly to his wife.

"Y-yes," said Mrs. John hesitatingly as the waiter returned, bearing in his hand a large umbrella, which he eagerly presented to the couple.

BUT "WE REGRET," ETC.
PLODA LONG—"I heared dat poets is gettin' big prices fer deir stuff, so jist size up dat little t'ing I dashed off an' see if it is wort' de price uv a bed. 'Beautiful snow, beautiful snow, beautiful snow—dis is all I know.'"

AT A BUFFALO HOTEL.
GRANGER—"I am looking for the ante-room."
BELL-BOY—"All right, boss. What is your limit?"

THE CLUB WAITER.

THE club waiter glides with a smile on his lip,
Although he gets never the ghost of a tip.
He brushes the crumbs from the board with a will
And dances and circles and cannot stand still.

With turkey and chicken he glides on his way
And spins on the end of his finger the tray,
And capers and curvets while serving the pork,
Or yanking kerplunk from the bottle the cork.

Hurrah for the waiter! a petrel of grace
That flies like the wind for your mutton through space,
And hammers Joy's drum with a rubby-dub-dub—
Hurrah for the waiter that waits at the club!

ON THE HOTEL PIAZZA.

The strange tiger (as the king of beasts passes)—"I hear he's quite a literary lion."

The hyena—"Ha! ha! I should say he is. He hasn't had his mane cut in over a year."

AT THE SALMAGUNDI CLUB.

Hewitt—"I'm wedded to my art."

Jewett—"You'll have to commit bigamy to live."

HIS FUNERAL.

WOOZY WILLIE—"Lady, an unfortun. man is goin' ter hev a funeral! Could you contribute five cents?"

AUNT SALLY—"My poor man, here it is. When does the funeral take place?"

WOOZY WILLIE—"In about t'ree se onds, mum. I'm goin' inter 'Jim's' hotel-bar an' bury me f. ce in a beer."

NOT IN A BOSTON CAFE.

CASEY—"Oi'd lick ye fer tin cints."

COSTIGAN—"Yer a scab ter work so chape!"

AT THE COUNTRY CLUB.

Tiddler—"What wrecked Hunter's automobile?"

Woverley—"His absent-mindedness. He was following the hounds and tried to leap over a stone wall."

AT THE CLUB WINDOW.

Staylate—"Perhaps your father objects to me on account of my shortcomings."

Miss Weary—"No; I think it's because of your long stayings."

AT THE UNION LEAGUE.

GOBANG'S wife is a deaf-mute but he says she is worth her weight in gold."

"Perhaps it is her silence that is golden."

DECOLLETE.

WIFE—"I would like to go to the Waldorf-Astoria, my dear; but I have nothing to wear."

HUSBAND—"Then let's go to the opera. No one will notice the difference."

A TRUE ARTIST.

THEY had strolled away from the Bermuda hotel, these two, and were now standing on the shores of the translucent sea, rich and warm in the waning January sunlight. His arrival, but a few hours before, had well-nigh precipitated a panic. For had it not been whispered abroad that he was a prominent artist? And as the girl at his side spoke, it was almost with a premonitory thrill of ownership in her voice at the thought that she had been the lucky one to carry him off for a stroll.

"Look," she continued, "at the color of those shells. Are they not beautiful?"

"Beautiful!" he repeated. "As if they were tinted with the most delicate cochineal."

"You, who have that affinity for color and contrast," she went on, "are no doubt experiencing even more pleasure over this scene than a prosaic mortal like myself. Tell me how it affects you."

Her companion sighed deeply.

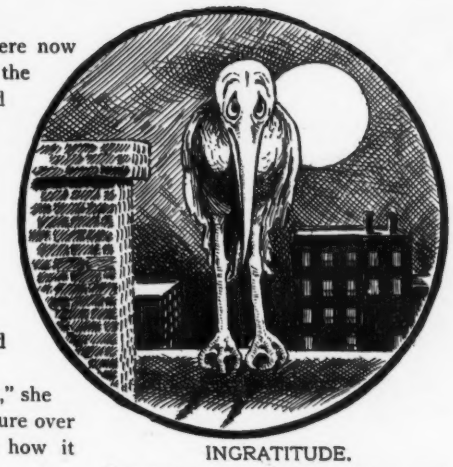
"It is grand," he exclaimed. "The spinach-green of those seaweeds, with the beautiful pumpkin streaks of the fading day. Ah, what loveliness! And what a contrast are the clouds overhead, like masses of whipped cream. And look here at these fields of lilies! How like they are to floating islands, with their delicate custard shades. The very pebbles on the shore are tinted like bon-bons, and here's a chocolate mud for you! It makes me long to get back to work, that I may cause the chrysoprase tea biscuit to fuse its colorful beauties with the"——

"What is your particular branch?" she asked.

The man at her side drew a card from his pocket.

"Is it possible," he said, "that you do not know? Why, I'm the celebrated dessert photographer of the *Woman's Home Comforter*."

TOM MASSON.



INGRATITUDE.

THE STORK—"I'm getting discouraged. This makes the twelfth baby I've taken to O'Hooligan's flat and they haven't tipped me once."

"A BUFFALO ROBE."

ON THE CLUB STEPS.

Crawford—"Have they enlarged their circle of acquaintances since they moved into their big house?"

Crabshaw—"Oh, no. Since they became rich they don't know half as many people as they used to."

THE USUAL WAY.

Editor—"What's the reason your hero left the hotel by the fire-escape when he could just as well go down the stairs?"

Author—"Why, you see this is a detective story."

AT THE PLAYERS' CLUB.

The expert—"Poker is not a game of chance. In fact, there is no such thing as chance."

The novice—"I guess that's right as far as I'm concerned."

UNREASONABLE.

FARMER APPLEBUTTER—"What in tarnation be them things in yer boots, Jonas?"
JONAS (*home from college*)—"Those, governor, are trees."
FARMER APPLEBUTTER—"Trees! Great joy! I knowed yer put limbs inter overhalls an' weeds in yer mouth, but ding me ef trees in yer boots ain't a leetle too much! Guess I'll hev ter send yer ter a agricultooril collige!"

OVERHEARD NEAR THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

ISAACS—"I don't t'ink dere is as much money in der bicycle peezniss as dere used to be."
COHEN—"Vell, I don't know. Two goncerns busted last veek."

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PLAIN TO BE S

IT'S THE HOUSEHOLD SERVANT THAT IS MAKIN US A

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & P. g Co. New York

TO BE SEEN.

MAKING US A NATION OF HOTEL AND CLUB PEOPLE.

HIRAM PENNICK — OUR COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT

"Takes his pen in hand"

Mr. Pennick is disgusted.

"Has a scinetifick medicul feller to docter him."

DAVIS JUNCTION, O.

Editer JUDG:

I see by a peic in the Weakly Trybune that a munky there in the N. Y. park is sic & haint expected to liv. This peic tells all bout its cumplaint, what the docter says, wher it feels wust & how sory evrybody is.

If the animul dies i spose the city will putt the flags down haf way, close the post offic & leedin stores & git up a big funerul percession.

Not that i haint sory miself fer a sic animul, but i can't git it thru my hed why they's so mutch feelin shown & so mutch talk in the papers bout a munky when they's so meny humin beins thet are ailin who dont get no comfortin wurds sed bout them, & haint the muny to git docters to cure them. Nobody peers to giv a tinkers darn whether they git well or go to the cemetarry.

This wurld haint run rite an the humin race haint treated as it orto be, when a munky frum furrin lands that likes not dont wunt to liv in Ameriky ennyway, has a scinetifick medicul feller to docter him, gits bokays thet he cant preeciate & when hes ded & burid gits a better notic in the paper & likes not a bigger tumstone than most of us humin beins.

Hank Peasly drov into town last Tuesday mornin with a lode of turnips.

Dave Elmer is buildin a new hen-coop. Dave is 1 of our most enterprizin citzens.

More nex time.

HIRAM PENNICK.

Dave Elmer.

ALWAYS THERE.

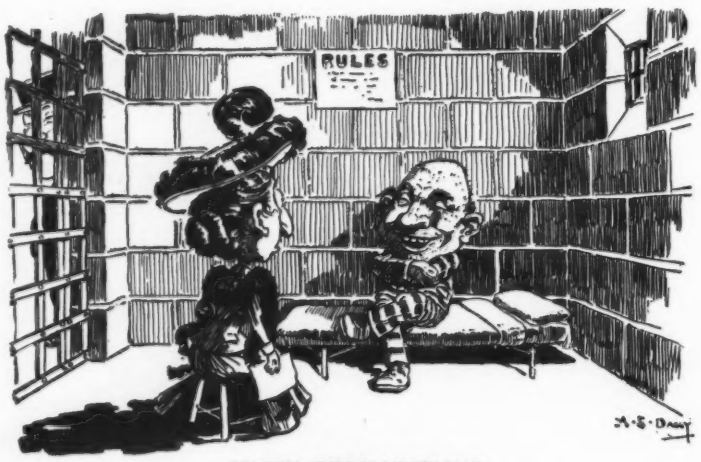
"WHAT is your most conspicuous landmark?" we asked of our country cousin.

"Well," he replied, "I reckon ol' Jim Peters is. He's alwavs in front o' Bird's hotel in summer an' at the butcher-shop in winter."

IN THE HOTEL RESTAURANT.

First guest—"Well, here's our waiter at last. It wasn't any use to tell him we were in a hurry."

Second guest—"No. It's no use being in a hurry unless you can make it contagious."



HAPPY RECOLLECTIONS.

VISITOR—"Well, my man, what are you in for?"
CONVICT—"Oh, I'm in fer a good time, lady."
VISITOR—"I don't understand you."
CONVICT—"I'm in fer lickin' me mother-in-law, lady."

AT THE KENNEL CLUB.

"FIFTY dollars for such a little dog!" exclaimed the possible buyer. "It doesn't weigh over four pounds."

"I know, mister," said the dog-dealer; "but I'm not offering it to you as sausage."

GOLF-CLUB CHAT.

Klube—"If Arnold went a step further he would be guilty of profanity."

Hadleigh—"I thought he used language that was above reproach?"

Klube—"Language? I don't mean his language. He uses his wife's caddy-bag for his laundry."

CONSOLATION.

WIDOW GROGAN—"Oh, yis: poor Pat was sinsible whin he died."
FRIEND MCCARTY—"Av koorse, Mrs. Grogan: thot was th' most sinsible thing he iver did."

When Kipling smites 'is bloomin' lyre
'E starts things 'ummin' every time,
Though reason and poetic fire
May both be absent from 'is rhyme.

We know 'is stuff is bum—'e knows
It's rotten, too, the same as us;
Still, anything of Rudyard's goes
Because it's Kipling's—lucky cuss!
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Gold Medal at Pan-American Exposition—Dr. Siegert's Imported Angostura Bitters.

"Wherein lies the difference between photography and courtship?" he asked softly.

"I don't know," she replied.

"In photography," he explained, "the negative is developed in the dark-room, while in courtship that is where the affirmative is developed."

She blushed, but made no answer.

"Let us," he suggested, "proceed to develop an affirmative."

There being no objections it was so ordered. —*Chicago Post.*

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure croup and whooping-cough. No danger to the child when this wonderful medicine is used in time. Mothers, always keep a bottle on hand.

Mrs. Pastel—"I was talking with your neighbor, Erkman, in connection with a matter in the line of your calling, and you will be surprised when I tell you how he spoke of you."

Mr. Pastel—"Indeed? What did he say?"

Mrs. Pastel—"Why, he called you a connoisseur."

Johnnie (rising from a corner where he had been unobserved and muttering as he moved toward the door)—"That settles it. I've just been waitin' for an excuse to kill his dog."—*Boston Courier.*

"Did your aunt enjoy the play, being so deaf?"

"Oh, yes; the costumes were so loud, you know."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

SPENDING A MILLION.

'F I had a million dollars,
All in a chunk, you know,
I'd stick right to the fellers
A thousand plunks er so.
An' then give paw a thousand,
So's he won't have to work,
An' buy a candy-store an' let
You kids go in an' clerk.

'F I had a million dollars
You fellers wouldn't see
Me chasin' with the rich bugs
Er in socie-tee.
That's where a feller 's foolish,
An' tain't no way to be—
I'd give you kids this minute
That's allus stuck to me.

'F I had a million dollars
We'd start right where we are
An' take a trip to Yurrup,
All in a private car,
An' ride past "Sissy" Jones's,
An' wouldn't he be sore!
Hey, Jimmy! that ain't his'n—
You promised me the core!
—*Indianapolis Sun.*

When you use bitters see that the label says "Abbott's." There is but one best—Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists' and grocers'.

Judge—"Your only complaint against this woman is that she threw a brick at her husband?"

Complainant—"Well, yes."

Judge—"Then what business is that of yours? She didn't throw it at you."

Complainant—"I know; but if she had she might have hit her husband, and I wouldn't have this black eye."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"You say you never gossip?"

"Never," answered Miss Cayenne, "When I feel disposed to hear my neighbors discussed I merely mention a name and proceed to listen." —*Washington Star.*

"I say, is this here the novel you advised me to read?" said the cabman to the librarian.

"Yes," replied the librarian; "that's the one."

"Well," said the cabman, "you can just take it back. There's nine people in the first four chapters who hired cabs, and each of 'em, when he got out, 'flung his purse to the driver.' Now, when I want that sort of literature I'll go to Jules Verne and get it pure."—*Exchange.*

The name of Sohmer & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

"Is it true," asked the investigating gentleman of the saloonist, "that you put so much salt on the free lunch in order to induce thirst in your patrons?"

"Not much," said the saloonist, growing suddenly communicative. "We put salt on it to preserve it."

And he pointed out some sandwiches and cheese that had decorated the table for two years without losing their pristine beauty.—*Baltimore American.*

A BOTTLE of EVANS' ALE

With a cut of roast beef or a tender chop makes a banquet of supreme delight

Hotels, Restaurants and Chop-Houses Everywhere

Weary Walker—"No, ma'am; I ain't dirty from choice. I'm bound by honor. I wrote a testimonial fer a soap-maker onct an' promised 'to use no udder.'"

Mrs. Houskeep—"Well, why do you not use that?"

Weary Walker—"Because, ma'am, dat firm failed jist after de civil war."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Always Mixed

We have done everything but the drinking.

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

Manhattan, Holland Gin, Martini, Tom Gin, Whiskey, Vermouth, York.

These cocktails are made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors. They are of a far more uniform quality and more thoroughly mixed than those prepared in a moment as wanted.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same materials and proportions, the one which is aged must be the better.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors, 29 Broadway, New York, and Hartford, Conn.

Consider What the Future

of your family would be without the income you now provide. Life Insurance is the one means by which you can make certain their future support, and you should provide them with its protection.

Fill out the following form and mail it to us.

Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive, free, sample Whole Life Policy for

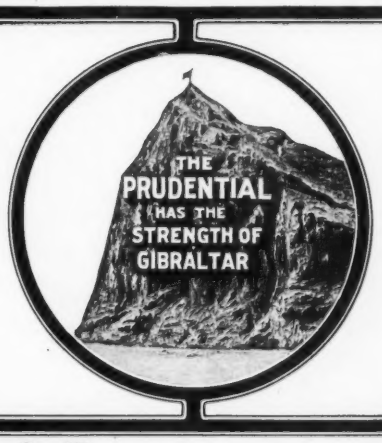
$.....

Name.....

Age.....

Occupation.....

Dept. N



JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

THE PRUDENTIAL Insurance Company of America

HOME OFFICE, Newark, N.J.

What was the cost per game?—when 6,175 games were played with one 25-cent pack of

Bicycle Playing Cards

Letter from player who did this, and a colored reproduction of the cards he used, FREE, on request. Bicycle cards always wear well.

Gold Medal, Buffalo, 1901.
Grand Prix, Paris, 1900.
Highest Award, Chicago, 1893.

A 120-page condensed Hoyle mailed for 6 flap ends of Bicycle boxes or five 2c. stamps.

The U. S. Playing Card Co., Dept. 26, Cincinnati, O.

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

Smith—"Poor Wederly is having a hard time of it. His first wife got a divorce from him, you know."

Jones—"Yes; and he has a hard time paying her alimony, I suppose."

Smith—"Worse than that. She is his present wife's dressmaker."—*Chicago News.*

On the sideboard—In the medicine chest

Old Overholt

meets every requirement.

An absolutely pure whiskey.

A. Overholt & Co.

Pittsburg, Pa.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

Grimes—"Harris is his own worst enemy."

Fogg—"Yes, the egotist! His favorite text is, 'Love your enemies.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

We trust **you**. Pay if **cured**, not otherwise. **Virgin Oil**, imported from **Mexico**, amber color, **natural** oil, no dye—restores **gray** hair to its **original** color—entirely destroys **dandruff**. Nature's own **restorative**—price $5. Address the **Virgin Oil Co.**, Los Angeles, Calif.

Arnold Constable & Co.

Real Laces.

Irish Crochet Laces, Galons and Allovers to match.
Filet Laces in New Designs.
Demi Flouncings, Drapery Nets.
Fancy and Spangled Lace Robes.
Embroidered Cotton Waist Patterns.
French Embroidered Silk Waist Patterns.
Irish and Swiss Hand-Embroidered Collars for Waists and Coats.
Real Lace Turn-over Collars, French Embroidered Fichus.
French Embroidered Crêpe de Chene Stocks.

Ostrich Feather Boas. Gloves.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK.

First-Class Hotels and Clubs on Wheels—TRAINS OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Its Secret

The choicest of select grain and thorough maturing is the secret of the purity, the perfection and the excellence of

Hunter
BALTIMORE
Rye

It is the only one of its kind and nothing like it.

It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

Sold at all first-class cafés and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

OPIUM and **Liquor Habit Cured** without inconvenience or detention from business. Write **THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. 7. Lebanon, Ohio.**

"There was a strong objection to taking that big donation that the man who makes poker chips offered us, but we finally accepted it."

"What persuaded you to drop your high resolves?"

"We heard that the church around the corner was ready to take every cent he'd offer and no questions asked."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

WM BARKER CO. TROY, N.Y.
LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS
ARE THE BEST
BUY THEM.

"The doctor says my wife will never be any better as long as she lives in a little tucked-up Harlem flat."

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Yes, it is. He says there isn't room for improvement."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"Oh, Mr. Reed!" gushed a young woman to the ex-speaker, who is here on legal business, "I would so like to hear you make an epigram!"

"Excuse me, madam," he replied; "this is my day for composing epic poems."—*Baltimore News.*

Lassitude and languor give way to energy and strength when you stimulate the body with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Get the genuine.

Sue Brette—"How do you know the gallery gods threw eggs at you?"

Ham Lette—"How do I know? Ye gods! didn't I catch them in the act?"—*Chicago News.*

OF INTEREST TO MUSICIANS.

In order to further the interests of music and to encourage high-class composition, especially among amateurs, in America, LESLIE'S WEEKLY will review each week in its columns instrumental music and songs of merit, submitted either in published form or manuscript. These should be addressed to Music Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Ave., New York City. No music submitted will be returned.

Guide—"This is an ancient Roman toga, supposed to have been worn by one of the senators."

Colonel Bloodangore (of Kentucky)—"Hum—whah's the hip pocket, suh?"—*Baltimore American.*

THE HOTEL CLUB ON WHEELS.

Oh, the man who rides on the N. Y. C.
Flits along in a flying hotel—
With its smoking-car and its restaurant-bar,
It's a whirlaway club as well.

It's all on one floor, like a bungalow,
And the waiters are swift, though tame;
While round you they wing like the birds in the spring,
And the scenery 's never the same.

In fact, it's a sort of a club hotel,
And its motion soon rocks you to sleep;
And its meals, we are sure, make the epicure
Like a kangaroo joyfully leap.

Hurrah for the club and the club hotel!
And the library car all three,
As they steam away from our N. Y. Bay
O'er the wonderful N. Y. C.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

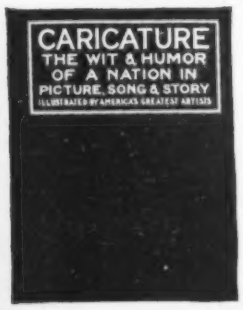
That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

THE SAFETY-VALVE.

MAY—"Do you think youth and age a safe combination?"
TOM—"Yes, if the bride has the safe-combination."

"CARICATURE"



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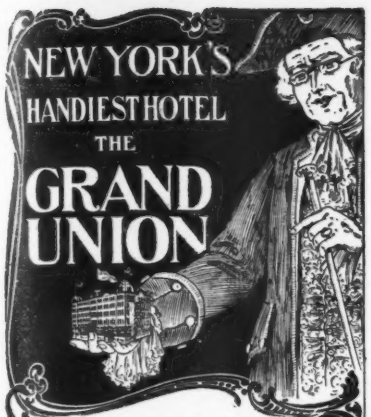
JUDGE COMPANY, 110 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

INSIST ON
NOVENA RYE
AND ENJOY YOURSELF

A Pure Old Whiskey, that Tickles the Palate and Stimulates the Ambition.

Send name to Department J and receive the handsome book "After-Dinner Stories" Free.

Bottled by EAGLE LIQUEUR DISTILLERIES.
RHEINSTROM BROS. CINCINNATI.



42D ST. & PARK AVE., NEW YORK
Opposite the Grand Central Depot
European Plan. Rates, $1.00 per Day and Up.
Within easy reach of the theatres and shopping district. Reached by all the principal street-car lines of New York, the **GRAND UNION HOTEL** is acknowledged the most convenient and accessible hotel in the city.
FINE CAFE AND RESTAURANT
Good Rooms **Moderate Charges**

HONEST FLAVOR
and perfect purity are found in
GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

The New York Commercial Journal says: "There is one merit in American champagne which should find it especial favor as compared with the French. It makes and carries *its own honest flavor*, whereas the French champagne has NO flavor until it is added through the medium of other liqueurs at the end of the fermenting process. In other words, the French flavor is made, *the American is born*."

Hence the popularity of **"Great Western,"** the gold medal winner at the Paris Exposition.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,
Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.
Sold by all Respectable Wine Dealers.

"I cannot conceive why you men swear. There is not a particle of use in it."

"My dear, there are some things which appeal to one's æsthetic sensibilities, for inherent qualities entirely separate and apart from their usefulness."—*Indianapolis News.*

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe; 10, 25 and 50 cents per box. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address 433
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.
KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

WHAT HE MISSES.

The Ameer of Afghanistan
Will not be civilized;
Our customs and our attributes
To him are things despised.
Oh, mighty Habib Ullah Khan,
Why linger in the dark?
Do you not yearn to dare the stern
Policeman in the park?

Do you not crave the thrilling joy
Of dodging trolley cars,
Or reading Sunday papers, with
Their messages from Mars?
Do you not think it would be grand
To write things to the press?
And have you never cared to watch
The changing styles in dress?

If you would but be civilized
Much knowledge would you gain.
To-day you cannot fight the trust,
Or even miss a train.
You cannot fool with politics,
Or wear the latest tie,
Nor does the tale historical
In book-stores smite your eye.

You have no servant question to
Make trouble in your home;
You may not jeer the brewer for
Providing too much foam.
Get busy, Habib Ullah Khan!
If you are civilized
You'll find more brands of trouble than
You ever have surmised.

—*Baltimore Herald.*

Jack—"What is the secret of your popularity with the ladies?"

Tom—"I always mistake the society queens for débutantes and the débutantes for society queens."—*Washington Star.*

"I can't understand about this wireless telegraphy," said Mrs. Wunder.

"Why, it's plain as day," said Mr. Wunder. "They just send the messages through the air instead of over wires."

"I know that," said she, "but how do they fasten the air to the poles?"—*Baltimore American.*

ST. DENIS HOTEL
Broadway and Eleventh Street : NEW YORK
(Opp. Grace Church)
Conducted on European Plan at Moderate Rates.
Table d'Hote Breakfast, - $ .50
" " Dinner, $1.25 and 1.50
Centrally located and most convenient to amusement and business districts.
Of easy access from depots and ferries by Broadway cars direct, or by transfer.
WM. TAYLOR & SON
PROPRIETORS

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London), Aug., 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY
AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

OPIUM
MORPHINE & DRUG HABITS cured by reliable, secret Chinese remedy used for centuries.
FREE TRIAL sent by express to all describing kind and quantity of drug used. Confidential. Address,
CHINESE DRUG CO., 23 Pierce Bld., CHICAGO, ILL.

The Owners Protect It

A partner in our business selects our materials; another has charge of the brewing. The men who built the reputation of Schlitz Beer, personally protect it. The owners of the business see that all Schlitz Beer is pure.

POOR BEER

Means poor materials, for there's a chance for great saving there.

Cleanliness isn't expected in it, so there's economy there.

Purity isn't even claimed.

And when age isn't made essential, you get a green beer—a beer that ferments on your stomach, causing biliousness.

PURE BEER

Must be brewed in absolute cleanliness, and cooled in filtered air.

It must be aged for months in refrigerating rooms, then filtered, then sterilized after it is bottled and sealed.

That doubles the cost of the brewing, and none but the best materials are ever treated in that expensive way.

One beer costs you about the same as another.

Not so with your dealer. He pays most for the pure beer. He makes most on a poor beer.

Schlitz

It lies with you to get Schlitz, The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.

J. L. STACK

THE above is one of the most striking Posters ever issued by "JUDGE." A copy of it in colors will be mailed anywhere on receipt of ten cents to cover postage.

Judge Company, 110 Fifth Ave. New York

THE OLD ART GUARD.

An art writer in the *Sun* has expressed a decided preference for *direct impressions* of nature!

See there in a row, with faces aglow,
The same dear old paintings above and below.
They're greased and they're glazed,
Till the public is fazed
And the gentle art lover is more than amazed.
Grease, grease, oh! when will it cease—
When will art, from the greasers,
Of new life get a lease?

They pour on the gravy, now streaky, now wavy,
Till you wish they were all in the locker of Davy—
They think from the start
As cooking 's an art
Surely art must be cooking—and *basting 's a part!*

Now this is the pith—Jones bastes, so does Smith,
And young Brown and Robinson imitate Frith,
So it's glaze, over glaze—
Yellow-green 's now the craze,
On Galahad red it's next year we will gaze.

"Pig-iron" and "oil" in art make tin boil,
Yet we know that the greaser 'll go on with his toil.
As to Nature? Ha! Ha!
She gives them a jar,
So they make it all up à l'Ecole des beaux Arts!
Grease, grease, oh! when will it cease—
When will art, from the greasers
Of new life get a lease?

PELLUCID GRAY.

ONE OF TERWHILLIGER'S YARNS.

By Isaac Anderson.

TERWHILLIGER told me this story as we lounged in the moonlight on the piazza of the big hotel at Palm beach. I don't like to call any man a liar, especially a large man like Terwhilliger, but—well, here is the story.

"The last time I was up in Maine," said Terwhilliger, "I ran across the queerest house you ever saw."

Here I interrupted the narrative to call attention to the fact that, as I had never been in Maine, and so had not seen the house in question, it could not possibly be the queerest house I had ever seen, though I was quite willing to believe that it was more remarkable than anything I had ever laid eyes on. I knew this remark would irritate Terwhilliger, and I hoped that it would make him forget all about the story, but it was no use. You can't stop him when he gets started on one of his yarns.

"This house," he continued, pretending not to notice the interruption, "stood in the middle of a small clearing. It was only two stories high, but the floor of the lower story was some eight or nine feet above the ground, giving the house the appearance of standing on stilts. On the ground underneath, a young man was puttering about with some carpenter's tools and a lot of lumber. Just in order to be sociable, I asked him what he was doing.

"'I'm just figurin' on addin' another story to this house,' was his reply.

"'Don't you think it's high enough now?' I asked.

"'I ain't goin' to make it no higher,' said he. 'This story 's goin' to be on the bottom.'

"'That's a funny way to build a house,' said I. 'Why didn t you begin at the bottom in the first place?'

"'I didn't have nuthin' to do with the beginnin' of it, stranger. My grandfather began to build this house long before I was born.'

"'Why didn't he begin at the bottom, then?'

"'He did.'

"'But you said'——

"'Wait a minute before you 'cuse me o' lyin'. My grandfather built the first story of this house, my father built the second, and I'm just beginnin' the third.'

"'I don't quite understand.'

"'Well, now, look here, and I'll explain it to you. When my grandfather built that top story there, it was on the ground.'

"'Then how did it get 'way up there?'

"'Easy enough. It just growed. See them four corner posts there, that the house rests on? Well, them 's trees.'

"'Trees! Impossible!'

"'Yes, trees. The limbs has all been trimmed off and the trunks squared, but the trees kept right on growin' just the same. Of course the house had to go up with 'em, so after a while there was room for another story underneath. My father built it and went to housekeepin'. He'd just been married, and this was his weddin' present. The trees kept right on growin' some more, and now I'm goin' to build the third story. When I get it done I'll get married and move in.'

"'It's quite a remarkable house,' said I.

"'It is that,' said he. 'There's only one thing that bothers me.'

"'And what is that?'

"'Do you see how the upper stories tilt up at this corner? That's 'cause this tree grows faster than the others. I don't know what makes it, but it does. Now, if I allow for that in the beginnin' I'll have to make this corner lower than the others. Then, by the time I get old, my part of the house will be straight. But if I make it straight now it'll get crookeder and crookeder all the time. Now, what would you do in a case like that?'"

Just then somebody asked Terwhilliger to have a drink, and I escaped before he could finish the tale.

MEMORY TRAINING

New Practical System for Developing and Perfecting the Memory Discovered by an Indiana Student-Business Man. Is Rapidly Becoming the Wonder of Twentieth Century Progress.

Needed by All, Possessed by So Few, a Good Reliable Memory Is the Key to Success. Anywhere, Everywhere, the Person Having the Best Memory Rises to the Top.

PARTICULARS FREE TO ALL WHO WRITE.

D. F. Urbahns.

For years the world has been waiting for some one to discover a system of memory training which might be of actual benefit. Not a theoretical method requiring months or years of hard study, but a simple practical system which accomplishes the most in the least time. It has remained for Mr. D. F. Urbahns, a student-business man of Fort Wayne, Indiana, to bring out such a system. It is so easy that even a child cannot fail to understand. It is so plain and attractive that one can hardly help becoming interested in it; and, above all, it is so intensely practical that it helps one over the rough rocks of life to success, where without its aid absolute failure would be the result. Let the reader recall his or her own experience. Has there ever been a time in your life when you lost money by forgetting a set of figures or a business appointment? Did you ever lose a friend by forgetting a name or face which you most wished to remember? Did your friends ever do you an injury by forgetting you when you should have been remembered? Did you ever forget anything which, remembered, would have been valuable to you in any way? These are questions worthy of careful thought and when one stops to consider that a system is now being used which will overcome all these serious obstacles to success what need is there to hesitate? Any bank, business house or minister of the Gospel in Fort Wayne will be glad to tell what they know of Mr. Urbahns. His integrity and honesty of purpose are unquestioned. He is prepared to furnish plenty of evidence as to the value of his method among those who have used it, and it does seem that any one who feels the need of a better memory can not do a wiser thing than to investigate this new system thoroughly, coming as it does from a source entirely trustworthy. Simply send your name and address to Mr. D. F. Urbahns, 103 Bass Block, Fort Wayne, Indiana, and the full information and particulars will be forwarded to you free by return mail.

Readers are requested to write without delay

A COMMON VARIETY.

Squib—"How did you come to print my boarding-house joke upside down?"
Editor—"Because the question was funnier than the answer."

IN THE CLUB CAR.

Crabshaw—"I tell you we can't afford it."

Mrs. Crabshaw—"If we could, my dear, I wouldn't care two cents for it."

ASK FOR Vigoral

A DELICIOUSLY SEASONED BEEF DRINK

AN AGREEABLE STIMULANT, TONES UP A WEAK STOMACH
A CUP ON RETIRING RELIEVES INSOMNIA.

SERVED AT ALL DRINKING PLACES SOLD IN BOTTLES BY DRUGGISTS and GROCERS

ARMOUR & COMPANY Chicago

YOU CAN'T CUT YOURSELF IF YOU TRY

"Griffon"

SAFETY-RAZOR

BEST MADE

700,000 in Use.

PRICE.
In Metal Box. $1.50.
In Morocco Case, 2 Blades, $3.00.
In Leather Case, 4 Blades, $4.00.

Made with Safety Shoulders which prevent blade from passing beyond safety point. Shaves close as may be desired. No smarting after shaving. Booklet upon request.

"Griffon" SAFETY-RAZOR

Sold at all good stores or mailed by Mfrs. on receipt of price.

Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN, 459 & 461 Broadway, N. Y.

"Why do they call money 'cold cash'?"

"I can't imagine. When I have any it burns my fingers."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

KEEP YOUR TROLLEY ON.

Dr. Loeb has sagely told us—
  Let us hope that it is true—
That electric currents hold us
  Till our little life is through.
He declares the bad bacillus,
  With a microbe lexicon,
Will not come around and fill us—
  If we keep our trolleys on.

It is not a germ of fever
  That puts one upon his bed.
What he needs is just a lever
  That the current may be led
Through his nervous system rightly
  Till the symptoms all are gone.
We may view diseases lightly—
  If we keep our trolleys on.

All that vaunted tiredness vernal
  Which affects a man in May,
And the grip, with pains infernal,
  Will be driven far away.
Hail the healing trolley system!
  Science has another dawn.
Germs? We need no longer list 'em—
  If we keep our trolleys on.

In the graveyard of the future
  None will lie from cramp or cough,
Nor from disconnected suture,
  If his trolley is not off.
Bid farewell to draught and bolus,
  Let the powders all begone;
Medicine no more control us.
  Let us keep our trolleys on!

Husband—"Yes, dear, I think your new gown will suit you very well."

Wife—"Why do you think so?"

Husband—"Because the price doesn't suit me at all."—*Philadelphia Press.*

She—"Because I cannot marry you, do not be disheartened. You must face the world bravely."

He—"It isn't a question of the world; I've got to face my creditors."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Aunt Hannah—"When I was here two years ago, Hulda was looking for a husband; she is married now."

Uncle George—"Yes; but she is still looking for him—that is to say, a good deal of the time."—*Boston Transcript.*

Miss Kitty—"Don't you want to teach me to skate, Mr. Simpson?"

Mr. Simpson—"I'd be charmed, Miss Kitty, but I don't skate."

Miss Kitty—"Is that so, Mr. Simpson? Well, then, let me teach you."

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SERIES 1

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1.....

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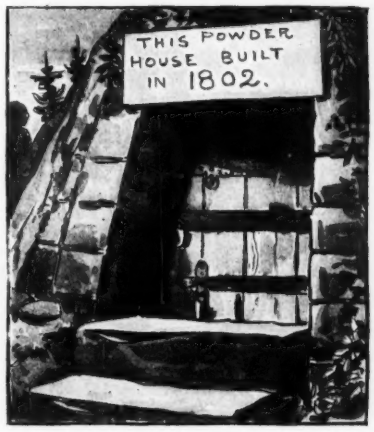

3.....

4.....

5.....

6.....

HERE are six pictures. Each indicates the name of a well-known American periodical. You will see that No. 1 is Leslie's Weekly; and you will also see from this how to work out the others. We have $250 to give to the ten most successful of our readers who solve these six illustrations and eighteen (18) others which will appear in JUDGE during the next three weeks. This puzzle composition is not inaugurated for the purpose of securing subscriptions to JUDGE, neither is it confined to JUDGE'S subscribers; it is open to everybody, whether he or she is a subscriber or not. The Puzzle Department is for the sole purpose of affording amusement and instruction to all of JUDGE'S friends. The essential features which will be considered by us in making the rewards, in conjunction with the correctness of the answers, will be the celerity and the general neatness with which the solutions are sent in to us.

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1st Reward of Merit	a check	for	$125
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5th	"	"	15
6th	"	"	10
7th	"	"	10
8th	"	"	5
9th	"	"	5
10th	"	"	5

READ THESE DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY

Write the solution underneath each picture, cut out sheet (***holding it until the fourth and last series of puzzles is published in JUDGE No. 1063***) and write your name and address plainly on the bottom thereof; ***then mail all four sheets pinned together in the upper left-hand corner,*** to the "JUDGE PRIZE PUZZLE DEPT., 110 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK," in time to reach this office not later than one week from date of JUDGE No. 1063. All solutions arriving later will be disqualified. You can send in as many answers as you please, providing you use a separate JUDGE puzzle sheet each time—no more than one solution of each picture can be given on any one sheet without causing confusion. You need not send a second set of solutions to the whole twenty-four puzzles in order to change your answer to any one or more of the puzzles; in other words, if in your opinion one or more of the pictures will bear different constructions, and you desire to submit each of these constructions as a part of your complete set of solutions, you can do so by using another sheet containing the particular picture or pictures in question. Thus sending two copies, say, of that sheet and one of each of the remaining sheets comprising the whole series, *all pinned together in the upper left-hand corner, as required above.* Be sure that you fully prepay postage in sending in solutions.

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" On Sunday you should be ashamed,"
Said good old Deacon Spratt,
" To go backsliding down the hill
Along the snow like that."

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" Now, who's backsliding?" Willie shrieked,
While flying like the wind.
The deacon knew, the deacon knew,
Though twenty lengths behind.

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Lady (also on the standing committee)—"Perhaps, but (with withering glances at male occupants of the seats) you would never look for it to begin in a street-car."—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Mr. Lothario—"Who was that girl you just spoke to?"

Mr. Benvolio—"Why, was her face familiar to you?"

Mr. Lothario—"No; but one of the rings she's wearing was. I must have been engaged to her once."—*Catholic Standard-Times.*

"I met Bliggins this morning," said the man with the muffler. "It's a good joke. He was so hoarse he couldn't talk."

"You don't mean to tell me you are glad your friend has a cold?"

"Well, I'm not exactly glad; but I have one myself, and it was a great comfort to meet some one who couldn't talk loud enough to tell me what to do for it. All I had to do was to stand three feet away and he was powerless."—*Washington Star.*

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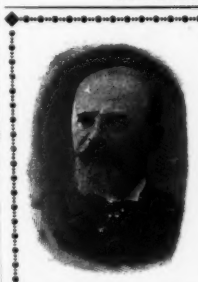

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Jess—"No; that's a yellow one."

Tess—"Well, that will take us there."

Jess—"I know; but there'll be a red one along soon, and it's so much more becoming to me."—*Philadelphia Press.*

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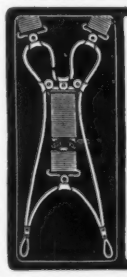

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